

## Greek Temple of 400 B. C.

GREEK archaeologists have unearthed an imposing temple at Rerras, Thessaly, of 400 B. C. This is the second temple which has been discovered within a month, the first having been found near Volo.



# Magazine Page



## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the cession by Spain to France of Louisiana in 1800. Later the United States acquired this valuable territory by purchase from Napoleon for 80,000,000 francs.

## Robert W. Chambers' Famous Story

## THE STREETS OF ASCALON

Illustrated by

## Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers. Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

"YOU'RE a good wife, Molly; and a good friend. . . I wish you had a baby."

"I'm going to."

They looked at each other a moment; then Strelsa caught her in her arms.

"Really?"

Molly nodded.

"That's why I worry about Jim taking chances in his aeroplane."

"He mustn't! He's got to stop!"

"That can be thinking of!" cried Strelsa indignantly.

"But he—doesn't know."

"You haven't told him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't know how he'll take it."

"What?"

## The Secret Out.

Molly flushed. "We didn't want one. I don't know what he'll say. We didn't care for them."

Strelsa's angry beauty checked her with its silent scorn; suddenly her pretty head fell forward on Strelsa's breast.

"Don't look that way at me. I was a fool. How was I to know—anything? I'd never had one . . . You can't know whether you want a baby or not until you have one . . . I know now. I'm crazy about it . . . I think it would—would kill me if Jim is annoyed."

"He won't be, darling," whispered Strelsa. "He's only a man. He never even knew as much about it as you did. What do men know, anyway? Jim is a dear—just the regular sort of man interested in business and sport and probably afraid that a baby might interfere with both. What does he know about it? . . . Besides he's too decent to be annoyed."

"I'm afraid—I can't stand—even his indifference!"—whispered Molly. Strelsa, holding her clasped to her breast, started to speak, but a noise

of men in the outer hall silenced her—the aviators returning from their hangars and gathering in the billiard-room for a long one before dressing.

"Wait," whispered Strelsa, gently disengaging herself—"wait just a moment—"

And she was out in the hall in an instant just in time to touch Jim on the arm as he closed the file toward the billiard room.

Something to Tell.

"Hello, Strelsa!" he said, pivoting on his heels and seizing her hands. "Are you coming in to try a cocktail with us?"

"Jim," she said, "I want to tell you something."

"Shoot," he said. "And if you don't hurry I'll kiss you."

"Listen, please. Molly is in the music room. Make her tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"Ask her Jim. . . And, if you care one atom for her—be happy at what she tells you—and tell her that you are. Will you?"

He stared at her, then lost countenance. Then he looked at her in a panicky way and started to go, but she held on to him with determination.

"Smile first!"

"Thunder!"

"Smile. Oh, Jim, isn't there any decency in men?"

His mind was working like mad; he stared at her, then through the astonishment and consternation on his good-looking features a faint grin broke out.

"All right," she whispered, and let him go.

Molly, idling at the piano, heard his tread behind her, and looked up over her shoulder.

"Hello, Jim," she said faintly.

"Hello, Ducky. Strelsa says you have something to tell me."

"I—Jim?"

"So she said. So I cut out a long one to find out what it is. What's up, Ducky?"

Molly's gaze grew keener. "Did the child tell you?"



Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson. Mrs. Sprowl, who admits her failure as a match maker.

"She said you had something to tell me."

"Did she?"

"No! Aren't you going to tell me either?"

He dropped into a chair opposite her; she sat on the piano stool considering him for a while in silence. Then, dropping her arms with a helpless little gesture:

"We are going to have a baby. Are you annoyed?"

For a second he sat as though paralyzed, and the next second he had her in his arms, the grin breaking out from utter blankness.

"You're a corker, Ducky!" he whispered. "You for me all the time!"

"Jim! . . . Really?"

"Surest thing you know! Which is it?—boy or—Oh, beg your pardon, dear—I'm not accustomed to the etiquette. But I'm delighted, Ducky, overwhelmed!"

"Oh, Jim! I'm so glad. And I'm crazy about it—perfectly mad about it. . . And you're a dear to care."

"Certainly I care! What do you

take me for—a wooden Indian?" he exclaimed virtuously. "Come on and we'll celebrate!"

"But, Jim! We can't tell people."

And He Gives In.

"Oh—that's the christening. I forgot, ducky. No, we can't talk about it of course. But I'll do anything you say."

"Will you?"

"Will I? Watch me!"

"Then—then don't take out the Stinger for a while. Do you mind, dear?"

"What?" he said, jaw dropping.

"I can't bear it, Jim. I was a good sport before; you know I was. But my nerve has gone. I can't take chances now. I want you to see it!"

At a moment he nodded.

"Sure," he said. "It's like Lent. You've got to offer up something. . . If you feel that way"—he sighed unconsciously—"I'll look up the hanger until—"

"Oh, darling! Will you?"

"Yes," said that desolate young man, and kissed his wife without a scowl. He had behaved pretty

well—about like the majority of husbands outside of popular romances.

The amateur aeronauts left in the morning before anybody was stirring except the servants—Vincent Wier, Lester Caldera, the Van Dynes, and the rest, bag, baggage and, later, two aeroplanes packed and destined for Barren Van Dyne's Long Island estate where there was to be some serious flying attempted over the flat and dusty plains of that salutary island.

Sir Charles Mallison was leaving the same day, later; and there were to be no more of Jim's noisy parties; and now under the circumstances, no parties of Molly's, either; because Molly was becoming nervous and despondent and a mania for her husband possessed her—the pretty resurgence of earlier sentiment which, if not more than comfortably dormant, buds charmingly again at a time like this.

Also she wanted Strelsa, and nobody beside these two; and al-

though she liked parties of all sorts including Jim's sporting ones, and although she liked Sir Charles immensely, she was looking forward to comfort of an empty house with only her husband to decorate the landscape and Strelsa to whisper to in morbid moments.

A Breaking Up.

For Chryso was going to Newport, Sir Charles and her maid accompanying her as far as New York, from where the baronet meant to sail the next day.

His luggage had already gone; his man was packing when Sir Charles sauntered out over the dew-wet lawn, a sprig of sweetwilliam in his lapel, tall, clear-skinned, nice to look upon.

What he really thought of what he had seen in America, of the sort of people who had entertained him, of the grotesque imitation of exotic society—or of a certain sort of it—nobody really knew. Doubtless his estimate was inclined to be a kindly one, for he was essentially that—a philosophical, chivalrous and modest man; and if his lines had fallen in



Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson. Sir Charles Mallison, who realizes Strelsa is not for him.

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

places where vulgarity, extravagance and ostentation predominated—if he had encountered little real cultivation, less erudition, and almost nothing worthy of sympathetic interest, he never betrayed either impatience or contempt.

He had come for one reason only—the same reason that had brought him to America for the first time—to ask Strelsa Leeds to marry him.

He was man enough to understand that she did not care for him that way, soldier enough to face his fate, keen enough, long since, to understand that Quarren meant more to the woman he cared for than any other man.

One Glimpse Enough.

Cool, self-controlled, he watched every chance for an opening in his own behalf. No good chance presented itself. So he made one and offered himself with a dignity and simplicity that won Strelsa's esteem but not her heart.

After that he stayed on, not hoping, but merely because he liked her. Later he remained because of a vague instinct that he might as well be on hand while Strelsa went through the phase with Langly Sprowl. But he was a wise man, and weeks ago he had seen the inevitable outcome. Also he divined Quarren's influence in the atmosphere, had watched for it, sensed it, seen it very gradually materialize in a score of acts and words of which Strelsa herself was totally unconscious.

Then, too, the afternoon before, he had encountered Sprowl riding furiously with reeking spurs after his morning's gallop with Strelsa; and he had caught a glimpse of the man's face; and that was enough.

So there was really nothing to keep him in America any longer. He wanted to get back to his own kind—into real life again, among people of real position and real elegance, where live topics were discussed, where live things were attempted or accomplished; where whatever was done, material or im-

material, was done thoroughly and well.

There was not one thing in America now to keep him there—except a warm and kindly affection for his little friend, Chryso Lacy, with whom he had been thrown so constantly at Witch Hollow.

Strolling across the lawn, he thought of her with warm gratitude. In her fresh and unspoiled youth he had found relief from a love unreturned, a cool, sweet antidote to passion, a balm for loneliness most exquisite and delightful.

The very perfection of comradeship it had been, full of charming surprises as well as rest, both mental and physical. For Chryso made few demands on his intellect—that is, at first she had made very few. Later—within the past few weeks, he remembered now his surprise to find how much there really was to the young girl—and that perhaps her age and inexperience alone marked any particular intellectual chasm between them.

An Early Hour.

Thinking of these things he sauntered on across country, and after a while came to the grounds of the Ledwith place, wondering a little that a note from Mrs. Sprowl the evening before should have requested him to present himself at so early an hour.

A man took his card, returned presently saying that Mrs. Ledwith had not yet risen, but that Mrs. Sprowl would receive him.

Conducted to the old lady's apartments he was ushered into a dressing room done in pastel tints, and which hideously set forth the coloring and proportions of Mrs. Sprowl in lace bed attire, bolstered up in a big cane-backed chair.

"I'm ill," she said hoarsely; "I have been ill all night—sitting here because I can't lie down. I'd strangle if I lay down."

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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## ARE YOU INTERESTING?

IF NOT, YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF SO

By Beatrice Fairfax.

I'M HAVING a terrible time," writes A. L. W. "I simply don't know what to talk about when I get out in company. I try and try to say things that will get a laugh or hold folks' attention, but I find the men leaving me for girls who aren't any better looking or better dressed than I. I don't think I'm bad looking, and I'm sure my family's all right. I dance pretty well and I have nice clothes."

"So all that can be the matter with me is that I'm not a good talker. I'm not tongue-tied. Sometimes I find I can rattle along real well, and then at others when I think how little interest folks seem to show in what I have to say I just go into my shell. But I'm always feeling awkward and wishing I could make myself interesting."

Being interesting isn't a matter of "rattling along." It isn't even a matter of talking. So much has been said about the good listener that it seems odd the idea of cultivating the art of listening well has not occurred to more folks who find that talking well is beyond them.

Now, listening well is not a matter of sitting still and giving some one else the door. It has just as much to do with drawing other folks out as they're willing to express themselves to you.

In fact expression isn't a matter of "will," for most of us would be glad to find the convention made easy. But to persuade some one to talk to you is a matter of making them feel that you're interested, that you're safe to talk to and that, moreover, you want to listen.

Don't strain and make an eager effort to be charming when you meet folks. Just sit back and take it easy and hunt for something to like in them instead of wondering

what you can make them like in you. Don't worry for fear folks will think you a bore and run along to pasture new if you don't scintillate and effervesce and start the conversational ball spinning around like a gyroscope.

When you meet someone new, sit back and concentrate on something that marks them out as a bit different. Suppose a man is well dressed, but with a suggestion of sportiness. Probably he's interested in appearances and likes athletics. Find some suggestion in these facts and ask a question or two.

Don't fling your information at a new acquaintance. Suppose you are meeting a clever man who's famous for reading a lot. Do you fancy that you with your limited knowledge of books can impress him favorably by starting off to catalogue the new books? You'd do better to tell him you haven't read much and wish he'd suggest something interesting.

Whenever by a quiet, sympathetic manner it's possible to convey that you're interested in the other person, you stand a fine chance of conveying the idea also that you are a person in whom it's worth while getting interested.

It's only human to like attention. It's only human to like the idea that one is "making a hit." Instead of wondering about the impression you're creating, intelligent interest and focusing your attention on the other person, try to convey the idea that you're well impressed. Of course you can't do this with someone who bores you. But if you find someone charming, let him feel that you're interested in him. And it's a hundred to one that you'll have a certain sympathetic interest in them. Just as you bring them out deliberately, you'll find the other person calling out in you the things you want to give, but couldn't convey when you were straining so hard that you lost all naturalness and spontaneity.

## BREAD DOUGH TEMPERATURE

IN very warm or very cold weather it is often difficult to maintain an even temperature in which to allow a bread dough to rise. If a sponge is set at night, it should be kept at ordinary room temperature (60 degrees to 75 degrees F.), depending on how long it is to stand. Whenever a dough has been prepared (as distinguished from a sponge), the temperature should be fairly warm—between 80 degrees and 86 degrees F. A good way to assure an even temperature in either case, it is suggested, is to set the sponge or dough in the fireless cooker, using a thermometer to start with, to determine the temperature when the dough or sponge is put in.

**PAINE STUDIO**  
"The Friendly Place"  
Price to Fit the Slender Purse  
223 F St. N. W. Frank. 7054

**for sick headaches**  
**Beecham's Pills**

## The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

Liberia.

I KNOW I act an awful dunce when I would cross a street; I try to look six ways at once while I perform this feat. A speedster swats me from the rear a jitney breaks my toes; a five-ton truck is waiting near to smash me in the nose. And as I nimbly hop along, my heart is in my throat; I figure how the passing throng on my remains would gloat. I brood on headlines large and black, and music soft and low, the while my gaze before and back, East, West, above, below. I race through crossings in the town and on the country lanes where flivvers seek to run me down, inflict a break, and sprains. Pull often in my dismal plight, I've said: "How will it end?" but now I glimpse a gleam of light and things seem on the mend. Liberia, you bid me hope; oh, fair, secure retreat, where glad pedestrians may lope untroubled down the street. I know you are the place for me, and how I'll thank my stars when down your roads I wander free, unsexed by motor cars! They say in all your lovely land no auto's hornk they beep and to have a in the street men stand without a thought of fear.

## Do You Know That—

Salt beds covering an area of forty square miles exist in Nova Scotia? One bed alone is said to be 900 feet wide by 30 feet deep and to have a purity of 98 per cent. These beds rival in richness the old world deposits.

A block of Scriptural reading in no fewer than 648 tongues and dialects has been prepared by the British and Foreign Bible Society?

The two extremes in human hair are that of the negro, flat in section, and that of the Mongolian, which is round and straight?

An investigating scientist says that members of the feline tribe do not play with their long claws on trees to sharpen them, as supposed, but the antics are a display of vanity on the part of the male, to show how powerful he is?

Nature has a most marvelous way of providing for the needs of man and fitting him to grapple with obstacles. In making the bones, she has furnished a medium that will support half as much weight again as a piece of oak of its size.

## WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

AN INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle.

INSTEAD of smiling as I half meant my words, I looked straight at Carl with all the seriousness of purpose I really felt. He stared back at me for a moment. Then he set his jaws and nodded abruptly, disappearing into his office, a second later, with an air of purpose.

"Here's a bunch of stories," he explained. "It strikes me that what we need you for down here is a liaison officer. The advertising and the editorial need to be tied up. I'm an advertising man sitting in an editorial chair several sizes too big for me. Need some one to help me fill it."

Then he turned and strode out of the office, quietly closing the door, which leads to his own sanctum. Turning at once to the mass of stories in front of me I glanced through them and sorted them hastily into three piles. In one I put the authors known to Haldane's and successful hitherto in pleasing the editorial staff and our public as well.

In the second pile I placed writers of whom I'd heard in any connection whatever. In the third the unknowns. Pulling in this large group toward me, I selected the title which most intrigued me and began at once to read.

With the tabulated pile in my hands, I arose to go to Carl's office. As I did so there was a tap-tapping at the door marked "Mrs. Harrison." It opened at once in response to my "Come in."

Framed in the doorway, smiling unctuously, was Max Headley.

"Welcome to our city," he said in his harsh voice. "I figured this was your day for coming back to the mines. And the name on the door did the rest."

"The name on the door?" I repeated ruefully. Then, jacking myself up to the proper attitude toward a big advertiser whose good will was important to Haldane's, I added, "Come in, Mr. Headley, and tell me what I can do for you."

"You can go out to lunch with me to celebrate the dandy four-color proofs I've just returned in person so as to drop by and fix this party for us," he grinned. "And my appetite's in fine fettle, too."

Mentally setting my teeth, I returned.

"That's mighty generous and thoughtful of you. So I'm going to be considerate, too, and not let you wait for me. I'm not likely to be ready for lunch at any hour and I know better than to keep a hungry man waiting."

"Drop your work and come on," he insisted. "You'll work all the better for a nice beefsteak and some French fries!"

"A sandwich and a glass of milk at the corner drugstore is all I'll have time for today," I said, with great effort to have it sound easy and unperturbed.

Max Headley eyed me shrewdly, appraisingly, before he replied. Then he spoke in a voice of unmitigated approval.

"Some little business woman! You'll bear watching!"

"Any rule against friends and cus-

tomers dropping in for a chat when they're in the building?"

"Not at all," I replied. "But don't pass the word along to your advertising man. If all the advertisers took to consulting me I'd not have much time to concentrate on the big accounts."

And Mr. Headley trudged out, leaving me to wonder why this man who filled me with distaste had for the second time inspired me to clear and quick business judgment.

Naturally I'd refused to go to lunch with Max Headley. But how I was going to get the sandwich and glass of milk I'd spoken of so complacently I did not know. The two dollars "cash on hand" I possessed when I went from the shelter of Jeanie's apartment to the hotel had dwindled to 15 cents.

I stood drumming nervously on the desk with taut fingers, staring at a pile of manuscript I'd just gone through.

Suddenly I had an inspiration. Flinging myself into my chair, I began to rummage my desk. In the bottom drawer I found what I wanted. Vouchers. I laid the pad on top of my desk and made out a hasty order for half my first week's salary to be paid in advance. This was business. This was the obvious way for me to get the money I needed so badly that two days before I'd walk around the block three times trying to find courage to go into a pawn-shop.

When I'd made out the order, I picked up the story I regarded as a "find" and with it in one hand and the voucher slip folded in the other, I marched into Carl's office. He looked up eagerly.

"Find anything worth while?" he asked in the completely business-like tone which was just what I wanted to hear.

"One story that will probably be worth considering after it's been changed a bit. One that looks like an actual find. Here it is, Carl, and here's my idea about how to make it count as an asset to the advertising as well as a real literary discovery," I announced.

"You're a wonder," Carl declared when I'd finished. "The advertising and editorial have to tie up, and if we happen to be running a good story on a subject relevant to some of our advertising, why shouldn't we try to let our make-up produce the psychology of suggestion? It hurts no one and makes the advertiser think we're interested in bringing him results. You're some little business woman, Anne!"

"This will prove it," I said lightly.

I spoke I opened the folded voucher and laid it in front of Carl. He glanced down at it, stared at it for a moment and then turned his eyes to mine. Their searching look demanded something of me.

"Business!" I ventured, with an effort at ease, though my throat felt tight and dry.

"Business?" repeated Carl. Then he swung his chair around so it faced mine. He made no move to sign the voucher, but sat regarding me with a look of growing intensity.

(To Be Continued Tuesday.)

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Don't Mix 'Em.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Some of my girl friends and I disagree on the subject below, and would like your advice.

We are stenographers in a large office where we meet many young men. As it is not easy for us to get formal introductions to them, we like to know whether it is wrong to speak to them. Some of us have made "dates" with these fellows, only to be scolded by our friends.

(Miss M.-R.)

I TAKE it that you mean you "see" many young men. If you have already met them, even in business, then why a formal introduction?

It is not always wise to mix business and pleasure. If you give a fair value of time and service to your employer for the wage paid you, I fancy you'll not have time to think about making "dates" with the men you happen to see in the office, and with these fellows, only to be scolded by our friends.

You'll suffer less disappointment.

## The Housewife Should Know

OLIVE OIL—One of the most useful articles in the household. Its food value is 100 per cent. Aids digestion. Soothes the coughs. Excellent for the scalp. Curative for chapped hands and lips. It is a dependable laxative, more pleasant to the taste than castor oil. Watermark stains may be removed from glass vases by rubbing with olive oil.

MILK—Before heating in a pan, rinse pan well. This prevents the milk from scorching and the pan is more easily cleaned.

JELLY—Before serving, wet the serving spoon. This prevents the jelly sliding.

SALAD DRESSING—Four vinegar into oil; not oil into vinegar, as the latter method will not obtain a smooth mixture.

TOMATOES—Four tomatoes into hot milk; not hot milk into tomatoes as the latter method will curdle.

CEREALS—Keep them in a cool place. This prevents the development of any organic life.

SPICES, weakened with age. Do not store in a damp place.

NUTS, shelled are perishable and turn rancid. Keep from the sun rays and in glass containers.

CHEESE—Do not place cheese in freezing temperature and keep it from odors. Cheese absorbs, the same as does milk.

COFFEE, ground, loses much of its flavor if kept long. Remember that all coffee should be kept in glass, preferably, or in air-tight containers.

SOAP—Save all scraps of toilet and shaving soap, cover with water, boil slowly until the consistency of molasses and then pour into a square pan. When nearly cool, cut into cakes. Dry for a fortnight.

## HOME NURSES NEEDED

SUGGESTIONS FOR PROPER EQUIPMENT

By Loretto C. Lynch.

An Acknowledged Expert in All Matters Appertaining to Household Management.

A RECENT article tells us that there is a serious shortage of nurses in our country. A foremost physician says the solution of the problem lies in conserving the services of the highly-trained nurse for the really serious cases of illness. He suggests that every housewife make herself acquainted with the elements of home nursing and always keep on hand a few first aids.

Every household should possess some good book on home nursing, a clinical thermometer and a bottle of iodine, gauze, and cotton.

It requires but a small investment to have a snowy white tray and a few attractive bits of china on reserve for the sickroom.

If the patient must remain in bed

for more than a couple of days, the housewife should arrange to remove all articles of furniture not needed in the room. It is usually best to remove the floor covering and either scrub or mop the floor with water to which a little disinfectant is added.

The woman practicing home-nursing should provide herself with several washable cover-all aprons. When there is sickness in the home the household duties program should be rearranged so that ample time may be given to the patient even if other things must be temporarily neglected.

No housewife should be without a slight knowledge at least of home-nursing and no home should be without a few first-aids in the medicine cabinet.



## GIVE THEM BAKER'S COCOA TO DRINK

The almost unceasing activity with which children work off their surplus energy makes good and nutritious food a continual necessity. Of all the food drinks Baker's Cocoa is the most perfect, supplying as it does much valuable material for the upbuilding of their growing bodies.

Just as good for older people. It is delicious, too, of fine flavor and aroma.

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